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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY HEROINE. BY EDWARD SPENCER.

CHAPTER III. I shall not dwell upon this period of Lizzie's

woman like her in love, can understand it; it would be vain to attempt to explain, or any how to vindicate, her condition to others. She was to come out of it, purged and purified, and that is enough for us to know.

Happily for her, the rapport of her soul with Oscar's was at first sufficiently close and confidential. He wrote often, and fondly, and he was among her friends. He studied law with her own legal agent, he boarded with some of When our heroine woke, it was bright day. her own legal agent, he boarded with some of her own legal agent, he boarded with some of her sequaintances, and he visited where she was known. It would have been easy for her to have gone to the city, and to have been near him; but, much as she longed to do so, there her any longer to play the part of elder sister.

No: she would wait patiently; and so she did,
hugging his letters to her bosom, and dreaming

Malmstedt, and how he is—werry anxious to

she could have met it as she did. The year was near its close. He was studyreason she had not heard from him during this past fortnight? Yet, at college he had never condition disposed her to attach a wondrous significance to everything like a sign or por-Was there not something gradually to forerun a reserve? She thought she could letect it in his more recent letters; and what pain, what agony, the fancy gave her! In this spirit she had written him a letter-the third one nanswered-full of a gentle yet touching tone of reproof-and with the letter unfolded in her desk, had gone to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Now, at breakfast, she had sat, altogether unheeding the lecturings of Mrs. Prynn, only waiting the return of Tom, who was gone to the post office. He has come, but no letters, only one from Mr. ——, her lawyer. She is ready to sink down in despair; but perhaps Mr. —— may have some news for her, from

and engage a seat for me to the city, in the two o'clock line. Quick! and come back soon. Mrs. Prynn, have my clothes been ironed?

Oscar is very ill, and has nobody to nurs Think of it! ill with the small pox, and

dried them long before Mrs. Prynn did hers. It was surprising what a stern look our Lizzie departure. Old Tom, lazy enough usually. danced most assiduous attendance upon her, and Mrs. Prynn did not dare to pity her, in words, timidly asked permission to go with Lizzie, pleading the fact that she had had the disease, and knew a great deal about nursing; but

next morning Lizzie alighted in the city, at the door of Oscar's boarding-house. A man of forty years, gray and serious opened the door, and looked inquiringly to

entered the house. He went after her, led her into the parlor, placed her in a seat, and raised

"Why do you want to see Oscar. Is your name Linda? I come to nurse him." In good time," said the man, with some

ave Aunt Chioe and your humble servant, who

"Will you show me to his room?"
"You shall see him. You are not afraid of the disease, then?" "He is my brother."

"Wait here, and compose yourself. You are a brave little woman, Miss Lizzie—but you must prepare to be terribly shocked." "I am ready, I tell you."
"Come with me, then," said he, offering

and sothered by a wrinkled old negro woman, lay brown, swollen, blind, and raving in the mad-Doctor eved her closely, and saw that she grew

a little pale—nothing more.

"He will not die?" she whispered.

"The crisis comes to-night," was the

hand once across her hair to smooth it, and ap-proached the hed. As she did so, Aunt Chloe rose from her chair, surrendering it without question. Lizzie bent over and kissed the lips of the sick man. Had she not heard his voice, there was nothing to remind her that this wa Oscar. Yes-his watch ticked over the mante from a case she had made for him. "Lizzie!" shrieked he, beating his sore and

swollen hands about feebly, "Lizzie!"
"I am here, Oscar," said she, kissing him

"Not Lizzie," shrieked he, yet more loudly, "not Lizzie, but Linda. Kiss me, Linda. You are in Abraham's bosom-kiss me, I need to

She kissed him again. "Oh, Linda. Lizzi is good, very good, like the angels; but

"You must not faint. I for-

going near her. "You must not faint. I for-bid that. And I am going to send you away from here. I thought you were his sister?" His words were half sad, half bitter. Lizzie, pale as death, thunder-smitten, was et able to raise her head under the Doctor's

Is not this enough?" pointing to the "Now at least I am doubly his sister." Pardon me," cried the Doctor, seizing her "You are doubly a heroine, and you shall

he would forgive me for letting escape any chance to save his beauty also—that is proof," added he, as the sick man again called upon

the pustule-ribbed brow—
"Your touch is more delicate than mine

"Moist? Yes! Tell me—is he"— "Yes—saved. Keep your hand there still—you can pray after a while," added he—"it does him good, you see, though he does take you for somebody who is unworthy to unlatch your

Murmuring, tossing less and less by degrees

was an invincible something that held her back.
He must not think she was afraid to trust
him, or wished to watch him. And now that the was his fiancée, it would be improper for and she heard Aunt Chloe walk along the pas-

know, I reckon. She'm a pretty chile; spos'n Poor Lizzie! the end was not far off. Only I ax her in to you, and git you to tell her all

"Yes, show her in, Annt Caloe."
A young lady entered the parter, and, lifting her veil, revealed to Lizzie the face of a most

lovely girl, of about eighteen years. It needed not a second glance to make Lizzie sigh.

"I wish to see Mr. Malmstett," she began, in a low, tremulous voice; "I have only just learned how ill he is, and I mps see him."

"Do you know what is the matter with him—how much it would peril that pretty face for you to enter his room?" asked Lizzie, very coldly.

"I must see him; I am not afraid."
"You cannot see him, child; he has fallen asleep, and must not be disturbed. "He sleeps!" cried she, joyfully; "then he is better—oh! say he is better."

"Yes, he is better—will get well if not dis

turbed."
"I will make no noise; I will move like thistle down. Oh! pray let me only see him; do "Cruel? Who are you that wish to see

him? What right have you to peril your beauty for the sake of being shocked by such a dis-tressing sight? Do you expect to be his smooth cheeks, his lovely hair, his sweet blue eyes? Who are you?" "I do not want him to know-I come" "Your name is Linda?"
"Has he expected me?" And she, with

remulous eagerness.
"Expected you? Why should he? What claim has he upon you?"
"I may retort that question upon you,

heard that he was neglected—deserted.' You seem to know Oscar. Did you ear him speak of me-of Lizzie --? "His sister! Oh, surely you will let me

"Sister? Yes, so he used to call me also—his betrothed." mechanically, and the girl looked at Lizzie

a piteous bewilderment. But Lizzie had no pity then; she was wounded too deeply. "Yes, his betrothed. He is my brother simply by courtesy?" Did he never tell you

"No, he never told me that," repeated the girl's voice, and she dropped her veil down again over her face. Lizzie saw how her hand

"I am glad you are here to take care of Mr. Malmstedt," added the visiter, in a low, far off, tremulous tone. "I came to see how he was, hearing that he was not properly cared for, because he is an honored friend of mine." She paused, turned towards the door, and then, with a quick step, came close up to Lizzie. "Spare me," she murmured. "You will be happy with him; spare me;" and, ere Lizzie could say a word, she was gone. As the front door closed heavily, Lizzie, who stood fixed in the centre of the floor, as she had been left, heard a step behind her, and turning, saw the Doctor. He placed himself face to face with her, and said, with a harsh, ringing sneer: "I have taken the liberty of playing eaves dropper, madam; and this scene you have just taken part in must be accepted, I suppose, as a fair specimen of that great, unbounded, universal charity, which I have so often heard the enthusiastic young fool

up-stairs claim for you."

Lizzie looked at him fiercely. "Man," said she, "you de not know of what you are speaking. Your anatomy reaches no deeper than the body. I am thirty years old, sir. Will your medicines be able to supply me with a new

heart?"

His look changed into one of tender sympathy. "I also know a little of shipwreck, Lizzie—but I was more reasonable than you—I visited my scorn upon the one who deserved i Let him go his ways, he is unworthy of youbut do not tear that child's heart-she sails i the same craft with you - be not cruel."

not know him? Have I not held his head here and seen his soul? Tell me not. She lies."
"My dear Lizzie, I know Oscar too well to accuse him of wilful trifling with the feelings of any one; but would a modest woman have come here as Linda has, unless she loved him?"

"Who would not love him, Dr. Larsh?

"Who would not love him, Dr. Larsh?

Hush—I will not hear you—you shall not rob
me of my life;" and, turning away, she went
rapidly up the stairs, into Oscar's room.

On the second day, when he awoke and turned, calling feebly for water, she was by, and gave it to him, laying her soft hand upon his

"It is L Oscar-your sister -your Lizzie."

"It is I, Oscar—your sister—your Lizzie."
He groaned, "my God, my God!" and turned his face to the wall, refusing to speak with her. That night, Aunt Chloe put Lizzie to bed, shivering, and, when the Doctor came next morning, he only said:

"As I expected. Another case. You must keep up, Chloe, for it will go hard with her, and we can't afford to lose her yet."

"Ne herer she's one of de Lord's yessele." "No, honey, she's one of de Lord's vessels

After that, came a long blank over Lizzie's recollections—a long, long blank; and when she returned to herself, it was entirely dark. She tried to raise her bandaged arms to her face, but could not. As she stirred, however, she heard a step across the floor, and Auni Chloe wept over her, crooning and petting her and, it seemed to Lizzie, concerming herself.

Then there was another step, and she recognised Dr. Larsh's deep but pleasant tones.

"You have had a dangerous time of it, Liz zie, but we will soon make you well now.

"And Oscar"—
"Is getting about handsomely. He wishes
very much to see you—shall I tell him to come

Aunt Chloe watched by the sick man's bed. At last, the Doctor, who had been peering with only lose one eye. Console yourself."

One eye—one-half of the best gift God had given her—and all the rest marred. She gently wife? Think "

Think

"I can bear it," said she, with a little shudder; "and my face, it is badly marked?"

"You are brave enough not to need beauty,
Lizzie—yes, it will be badly marked. The
old woman was tired out by long watching, and

fell asleep—when I came in the morning, it was too late to be remedied. You had torn off the bandages in your delirium. I ought not to have left you, but I had to see a patient who

Again she pressed his hand. "You did rightly, and I thank you for it, and I can bear it." She laid silent for a little while.
"Shall I bid Oscar to come up?"
"Stay a moment—wait until I see the old mine—time—time—time.

woman-and you must remain while he is

You'm an angel, you is."

"Ask him up, now, Doctor, please?"
He came; he flung himself upon his knees at
the bedside, completely unmanned, and weep-

"Oh Lizzie, this for me—all this for me Wretch that I am, why did I not die first?" "Because there is a work for you to do, Oscar, my brother," said she, pleasantly, and placing her hand upon his head. "All this for you—yes, brother, and much more would not be enough. I do not see you—will you let me touch you?" added she, gently. "Alas, all the lovely curls are gone, but the face is soft, and the eyes are blue

as ever—are they not, Doctor?"
"Sub pondere crescit," murmured Dr. Larsh,
thinking of quite another matter than the subject of her question, "and go you down stairs, Malinstedt, for you are getting pale." After he was gone, the Doctor took the spoon from Aunt Chloe's hand, and began to feed his patient, who did not show much appetite, and sighed

once or twice, very heavily.

"Confound it all, I say," growled the Doctor.
"What is the matter? Have you burned your gers with the soup?" He laughed a harsh and strident laugh.

"I wish," said he, "I wish you would let me kiss you, I am not afraid to soil my lips upon yours;" and the Doctor muttered the rest of the sentence, unintelligibly, through his clenched teeth. Lizzie sighed again, for she had kissed Oscar-and yet she had not had the disease. Was she more loathsome to look at than he

"The devil!" growled Larsh - "don't be foolish-you can't make out a case for him, and you will only drive me into positively ungentlemanly conduct in your presence, if you proceed. I think, moreover," added he, "that

laughed he, in that harsh, bitter

him place his in it, and said, oh, so earnestly: a coac "My friend, my dear friend, because I have visit." made such a grave mistake is no reason you should do so likewise. Never!"

He said, in a changed tone, after he had you, Elzze, and fact minute... God bless

ver: "You are right-let it pass-I under-Lizzie, a kiss of parting-after this we shall be-friends!" She felt his lips passionately touch hers, and a hot tear fell upon her cheek. Friends!" he cried again, and the next in-

The mighty warrior, Charlemagne, once wrote a Latin hymn, some verses of which would have re-echoed in the heart of our Lizzie at this period of darkness. For how else could she have "conquered a peace," if not by praying, with the iron-

Viriate firmans perpeti. Hostem repellas longias Pacemque dones protinu Ductore sie te praevio,

So she prayed, and so it happened. She was enabled to endure the infirmities of the body the enemy did flee, peace came to her sou

wrapped close about her seamed and purple face. After a while, the Doctor tells her, this will not, and her complexion will be very pale; even for so much she is very thankful. Oscar does not come very often, and his visits are brief and hurried. But she sees that he is agitated, grief-stricken, full of remorse; that dreads her, and shrinks from her presence, as if he were a murderer at his victim's corpse, and she pities him, rather than condemns. But Doctor Larsh visits her every day, and is her chief friend. She knows his worth, and it is wonderful to see how she smoothes his asperi-

To-day she feels better than usual, and has dispensed with the pillows in her arm-chair.

Mr. —'s daughter has been reading to her from a very pleasant book, and she rests her head against the back of the chair, closes her eyes, and gives way to thought. The child a nap, and must not be disturbed. Soon, how-

ever, there comes a hurried, unsteady step along the pas:age—a quick, nervous rap at her door— and she says, gently: "Come in, Oscar"—yet the step is not like

a dearer name. Lizzie, you must be my wife—soon—I need you—your kind aid and presence alone can save me from myself. When will you

my friend—tell me true, Dr. Barsh. How is it with me?"

"Alas, Lizzie!" Aunt Chloe wailed loudly.

"Silence. I am—am—my sight is gone, is you shall claim your wife. My dear Oscar, I you shall claim your wife. My dear Oscar, I jection of the word.

wife? Think."

wife? Think."

"No, no, Lizzie," cried he, passionately; "I will not think—I will not recede—my wife, Lizzie, my wife, and then I am saved, forever." "Ah, Oscar, when I came from the country and entered your room, where you were tossing with the brain-burning fever, I put my lips to yours, and kissed you, and you murmured a name—eh, so softly, so fondly, so passionately, Oscar—a name that began with L, but was not Lizzie. I have never heard you use my name so fondly, so tenderly, so passionately,

Her gentleness was like an arrow to his soul "Let me have your hand, Lizzie—put it in mine-there. Now I know that you will not curse me. Oh, Lizzie, darling, I am indeed unworthy here," whispered she.

Aunt Chloe came bustling into the room with her best make of beef tea. "Come here, Aunt Chloe," said Lizzie, holding out her hand.

Chloe," said Lizzie, holding out her hand.

I have had a dream—a wild, mad, thrice-accursed nightmare of a dream—dear Lizzie; but it is over now. I am awake, and I shall never to claim you. My illness was timely, dearest— a little while longer, and I should have had to "The end cursed nightmare of a dream—dear Lizzie; but it is over now. I am awake, and I shall never do not think I would let it end so, do you? dream again, until I can pillow my head here, Well, when I was sick, I came to my right mind

> moment. "You shall dream again, Oscar—of me if you will, and the dream will be bright enough, that I warrant."
>
> "You can forgive me! Oh, Lizzie, I do not cried he, with his face still buried in her lap. "I have nothing to forgive-perhaps I also

have dreamed, Oscar, who knows? Now I am tired—we will talk no more of it. You must get into the stage this afternoon, and pay poor Mrs. Prynn a visit. She will be very glad to see you, and to have news of me—the good soul—and the country air will do you good. This day week come to me, here, at this hour, and you shall have your bride, Oscar-no, not me about the neck with both arms, and held

of your lips, as great a one as Jacob found in the hands of his father Isaac." traest, best of girls I ever met. By and by we

She bent over and kissed him on the lips and on the forehead, and, as he was about to rise, she bent her head once more, and touched her it together, after which we felt a great deal betshe bent her head once more, and touched her lips almost convulsively to his. "Go now!" said she, quickly. He did not know that those kisses were for the last time, but she knew it, and felt it. Was she not strong, this woman? Was she not great, noble? Am I not right in calling her definitely, My Heroine? Yet who of us all, dear readers, who of us all, who have moved at all in life, but has met with some one woman, equally great equally strong, ashle woman, equally great, equally strong, noble, heroic, with Lizzie? Let us thank God for them, dear readers, for, in the night, we only know that there is a heaven above us by the pure stars that shine out to us from its besom! be sure to result in the entire wretchedness of

"Can I not?" asked she, with a coach, and rode off with her, to pay

back, looking extremely faint and weak and weary, yet smiling bravely withal. Larsh always averred that there was a genuine and palpable tures of the saints, when she returned from war-visit. However that may be, her saintliness was not contagious. Mrs. — declared that the Doctor behaved most outrageously on that afternoon. He scolded everybody, high and low, insisted on seeing Lizzie put to bed right away, cuffed a servant girl, told Mrs. — she was "nothing but an old granny,' and avouched that Mr. Oscar Erik Malmstedt was nothing more nor less than a "lousy beggar, not worth his salt!" These heresies and rudenesses, while they shocked Mrs. ——, failed of their usual effect in making Lizzie smile, and that seemed to aggravate him terribly. She lay in bed

weak, faint, white—and it was long before the reaction came about. Then, for the first and last time in her life, Lizzie had a violent fit of Mrs. - proposed to run for the hartshorn "Run for the devil!" growled Dr. Larsh; "why don't you say run for catnip tea? No-send me up the brandy bottle, and then, madan," added he, lowering his voice, "go to your room and pray God that, as he has spared this night, so he may continue to spare to us sinful mortals one of His most beloved and most exalted

angels;" with which words, he incontinently thrust her out of the room, and bolted the door thrust her out of the room, and bolted the door behind her.

The night slipped by, and Lizzie's nervousness, and her friend. Still weak, but improving rapidly; already she has taken and thrust her out of the room, and bolted the door behind her.

The night slipped by, and Lizzie's nervousness subsided into a low sobbing weakness, out of which she could still smile her thanks to him. Then, seating himself healds have proving rapidly; already she has taken one or every now and then administering stimulants, he two rides in a close carriage, though her eyes took her hand in his, and chafed it gently while are still extremely painful. She has a green shade over them, and keeps a handkerchief indeed, at this man, who, with all his rudeness and bitterness, yet retained such a true and depths of his heart, and let her see what despair and desolation ruled there. It was a sad story which he pictured as Rembrandt would have

grasp—stole it, and cast it out to the swine.

"And what became of her?" asked Lizzie.

"She did not die so?"

"Oh, no; I found her before that, and I read "She did not die so?"

"Oh, no; I found her before that, and I read to her a chapter or two—about Christ in the temple, you know, when they would have stoned the poor devil—and I readly believe she got to be seeing win the highest honors at College. After Mrs. Prynn's death, she removed wonderful to see how she smoothes his asperities, and tones him into softness, without at all permitting him to hope that he can ever become more—without suffering him to make himself miserable with a delusion so fond. She has tamed him, without using fetters.

In poor devil—and I really believe she got to the city, and took a house near Oscar, respentition to the city and took a house near Os

are strong enough."

"You did not kill him. Seek vengeance"—
"No—there was not time. She did that."
"She killed him?" "Yes-she was too pure for him. Her purity

as it were, stuck in his throat, and strangle him. He got to drinking soon after that, andthe information that "Aunt Lizzie" is taking I let him alone. He was a handsome fellow

but his corpse was a hideous one."
"His corpse?"
"Yes; he jumped into the river in a fit of his old one, when he lived with her at the farm-house. He enters, and flings himself into a chair. She sees that he is very pale, that his hand shakes, that his eye is distraught, his lip the best one I ever delivered. You? You the best one I ever delivered. Fou? You would have dug his grave, too, and wept over the who, under the guise of philanthropy, swindles the victim of his confidence; and the case here mentioned is one of the most aggravated. But you and I are different, you know, Lizzie. But you are all right, now—your pulse is beaufful. I am going to send the little girl in to fanyou to sleep—and you must lie abed all day to-nor row, or until I come. Good night."

When Oscar returned, Lizzie want to lizzie to his freedom went to he who, under the guise of philanthropy, swindles the victim of his confidence; and the case here mentioned is one of the most aggravated. Why not mention the name, if the story is a true one?

"Sharp, Very.—A negro man who purchased his freedom went to he who, under the guise of philanthropy, swindles the victim of his confidence; and the case here mentioned is one of the most aggravated. Why not mention the name, if the story is a true one?

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was brighter than ever. Larah was in he room when he came, and she bade him al

not daring to consult her eyes.
"Yes, love, Oscar. I sent her away. I told her I was your betrothed, that to nurse you was my place, that she had no business there So she went away. Be tranquil, Oscar, and hear me out-perhaps the end will not seem so

"The end!" cried he, trembling, eager.
"Yes—the end—put your face down again,

brother; your eyes sparkle, and I would rather ful nurse you have been, and that it is none of it is over now. I am awake, and I shall never ful nurse you have been, and that it is none of it is over now. I am awake, and I shall never ful nurse you have been, and you and I know, Aunt Chloe, that it could not have been, and dream again, until I can pillow my head here, about it; and the other day Doctor Larsh found out where this Linda was, and, in compliance with my request, took me to see her, for I moment she faltered? But it was only for a with my request, took me to see her, for I moment. "You shall dream again, Oscar—of wanted to apologize to her for my cruelty and

> "Stop—you must not interrupt me now, upon any consideration. Well, Oscar, I went inte said to their alarmed people, "Peace, be still!" there would soon have been an end of all panic but when I bent over and kissed her, she a word more—I am tired—go now and remember—this day one week. Go."
>
> "Will you not kiss me before I go, dearest Lizzie? There is a blessing to me in the touch the lock with both arms, and need me to her, so that I could not help loving her. Hush! you must not dare utter a word, now! Well, she and I talked together for some time. traest, best of girls I ever met. By and by we it together, after which we felt a great deal betlike a young woman, wishing to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of others, so that I had some trouble to convince her that it was better

Two or three days afterwards, Dr. Larsh, all three. At last I called in Dr. Larsh, and who seemed to be our Lizzie's confidant, came with his aid brought her to view the matter in to her, and announced that he was ready to pay "that" visit with her.

"Did you see her?" asked Lizzie.

"Did you see her?" asked Lizzie. you stood in your own light very much when you sent that school girl home with a flea in her ear."

"I did very wrong; but that can be remedied," said she, gently. "Will you explain how I stood in my own light?"

"Bu you see her?" asked Lizzle.

"Aye—she is in bed. I gave her a hint or two, and the poor child, who was in a bad enough you: 'Linda, I had a moment of madness, and in that time I may have led you to think otherwise of me than was true. If so, forgive me; her in hand for a while," added he, feeling her pulse. for you, for I was not less weak than blind but I am awake now, the spell is gone, and

help, shall also become a pleasure. Farewell!
and think of me no more.

"Do you know, my brother, that that is a very
brave letter? Well, it is mine now—and— When she gave it to me, she took her pencil, and wrote a single line at the bottom.

"Go; she will tell you the rest." Alas—he needed not a second bidding. As fire in flax, so leaped up the flames of love, desire, joy, into his eyes. He sprang to his her, gave her hand one hurried pressure, mur-

mured one "God bless you," and darted from the room. porting cushions, she flung a handkerchief over her face, while a sort of sinking, whirling sensation seized upon her, and things began to mingle like a rapid moving loom, whereon is a many-hued woof. But suddenly the handkerchief was plucked away, a strident voice pro-

claimed: "Theseus has fled, and Ariadne turns up he nose at Bacchus; so there is no help for it, Lizzie, you're bound to be an old maid, and to be handed down to posterity as Aunt Betsy. Phew! Ah! what's this? I'll never forgive you, if you faint. Ho there, a fan, and some

Reader, you have seen my Heroine On this day, when she surrendered her lov

she began her real life-her life as a Sister of Charity. Dr. Larsh was right; from that time people began to know her as "Aunt Betsy, and to think and speak of her as an "old maid It was not Dr. Larsh's fault that this so happened, for there is a well-authenticated tradition in the Malmstedt family, that he used to make every six months, so long as he lived. St though she rejected him, and he quarrelled her, they remained the closest friends, and it was Aunt Betsy's own hand which, in his last illness, not only smoothed his pillow, but took

New Testament.

Miss Betsy returned to the village, and remained there four or five years, until the death of Mrs. Prynn. She did not witness Oscar's

loved. What more could she ask?

And Oscar? If I chose to mention his right name, there would be no need to speak further of him. Few men are more eminent—none more honored, and, though the frosts of age have sapped his vigor, he feels that he shall still live in his children and grandchildren.

The end is not a bad one, you see; but remember, it required an Abraham to build that altar upon Mount Moriah. lowing, exposing a precious piece of rascality on the part of some individual, whose name

"Sharp, Very.—A negro man who purchased his freedom went to New York State, and by rigid economy saved \$600, which he intrusted to an Abolition lecturer, to go to Delaware and buy his oldest daughter. The lecturer was overcome on his charitable errand by a fair daughter of the State of Delaware, whom he would not have received the \$600 given to married, and then pocketed the \$600 given to him by the negro. This is about as far as it is

mansion at Baton Rouge, La., long the resi dence of Gen. Taylor, was recently torn down Rouge was taken by the Spaniards under Don Bernardo de Galvez, in 1779, it was the resi-dence of Col. Dixon, the English commander. It was suddenly occupied by the Spanish comFrom the Anglo-African Magazine for September. CHESS. BY JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.

day, there came some one, a lovely—she and I know she is good as she is lovely—she came to see you—to learn how you were—to nurse you. Poor Oscar"—he had bounded as if he was shot, and now was hiding his face in the lap. "She came to see you, but she only be lap. "She came to see you, but she only be lap. "She came to see you, but she only frightfully excited state of the public mind. To the few who had the heart to look out of doors, out of doors never looked more lovely doors, out of doors never looked more lovely halve and of delightful temper looked more lovely doors, out of doors never looked more lovely doors, out of doors never looked more lovely doors, out of doors never looked more lovely doors. ture, the sky was cloudless, the sunsets beautiful, and never, since the world began, threw a more gorgeous hue over mountain and forest of the American landscape. We confess to some sympathy with that gloomy state of the public mind—not that we had any golden ar-gosy in stocks or shares which went down yet there was the coming winter, and, possibly yet there was the coming winter, and, possibly, wan cheeks and supperless beds to those dearer than life. But, whatever gloom we felt was one day suddenly dissipated by the glorious "out of deors," which had smiled and beckoned us many a day unheeded, and which, now no longer to be kept aloof, told us of the goodness as well as the glory of the Almighty. We thought then, and we think now, that had the men of God, instead of improving that dark hour with then, and we think now, that had the men of God, instead of improving that dark hour with pictures of darker sins and darker vengeance, and a more fearful judgment to come, had they simply pointed to the earth yielding her abundance, and to the air charged with health, and to the sky filled with the smile of God, and

> Cheerfulness would have resumed her sway; and many a grave would have yet remained unfilled, and the sadder gates of our institutions for the insane would now hold some thou sands fewer within their portals. The other occurrence was in-doors. While men in Wall street surged to and fro under impulses they no more understood and could no ore govern than the iron waves in the howling storm; while men in Broadway and other streets adjacent-the masters suddenly arrested their golden dreams of enormous profit, and the workmen sadly folding up their implements of labor; and while the poor, frantic with an unknown dread, rushed to the savings banks,\* or gathered in bread mobs in distant parksin the midst of this social hurricane, there was one house in Broadway, in which men daily gathered, and matters went on

> "Calm as a summer's sea," the very centre of the vortex, yet calm as moonlit pool, so deeply embayed in mountains that no breath of air could reach it-a land locked haven, in which whoever entered, however storm-riven or care-crushed, became calm and still, and hung up his votive offerings to the ge nius loci; which was neither music, nor dancing nor dice, nor wine, nor opium, nor lotus, nor hasheesh, but simply Chess! the immortal game, painted as played on the inside of the tomb of Nevotp, the Egyptian, 3,000 years B. C.; † but who can paint it as played at Donadi's rooms in Broadway, in the year of grace

We have said that "out of doors" dissipated our gloom at that date; but in-doors-this indoors was an accessory cloud-dispeller. We "got" there after this wise: "Years ago, in the and aided by an old copy of "Walker," and the new frau, made some little progress in chess, until little fingers grew up round the table, and made a general smash of knights, pawns, and rooks, and little cares of another kind interfered with further proficiency. And it is good testi-mony in favor of the game, that when knight and pawn so went to the bad, no harsh nor unkind word was uttered against their young destroyers, the chubby fingers were not rapped, nor middle ages, breaking the chess-board on the skull of his conqueror; and I have seen the wild Fylbel aim a sudden blow at a little French man, who recklessly swept the men off the board when Fyl was about to "mate" an opponent My description of the game attracted some friends to buy board and book; and in a little while, Fylbel, the Downings, one of the Reasons, and an occasional jew-pedlar—who insisted on taking the king, (the atrocious regicide!) with the preliminary exclamation, "chess de koe-nig"—formed as clumsy a set of chess-players as could be hunted up. The appearance of Staunton's Chess-Players' Hand Book was an era in our progress, although months were wasted in discussing the laws of the game by that born causidicus, who now presides over

the Sea-Girt House at Newport. time, we became decent players.
So the year 1857 found us. It was some relief looking at the daily papers, to turn from the failure of A, B, & Co., for \$150,000, and from the suspension of specie payments by the banks, except the glorious old Chemical, to the unruf-fled proceedings of the first American Chess Congress, then in session, admission for the week, to lookers-on, one dollar. But that dollar? Was it prudent, with bank account at low water. was it prudent, with bank account at low water, and slim prospect of a flow, and on the edge of a long winter, with others dependent, was it prudent so to bestow—to throw away—a dollar? After hearing counsel before ourself three whole days, we held a family council with "die frau," who at once decided that we must go. And "went" we did. And the officers of the Chess Congress, with nobler instincts of gentle men than the New York Academy of Medi cine, did not hesitate or refuse to admit a negro, even with the high-bloods from the South

in their midst, and the danger of the dissolution of the Union before their eyes. Having seen their portraits in Frank Leslie we instantly singled out Paulsen and his great antagonist, and a little skillful elbowing found us seated beside their board. There was Louis Paulsen, with his vast head, sanguine tempera ment, but coarse fibre, indicating his rough almost pure-Bersekir blood; and as we gazed at Morphy, with his fine, open countenance, brunette hue, marvellous delicacy of fibre. oright, clear eyes, and elongated submaxillary bone, a keen suspicion entered our ethnological department that we were not the only Carthaginian in the room. It might only be one drop perhaps two-God only knows how they go here-but surely, beside the Tria-mulattin who at present writes, there was also a Hekata-mu-lattin in that room!

It was the old combat between Caur de Lion

and the Saladin. How strange that the Orient and the Occident should yet war! Paulsen— huge, massive, ponderous; Morphy—slight, ele-gant, yet swift as lightning.

The game was about half through, so far as the game was about half through, so far as the number of moves were concerned. Paulsen hesitated, clasped his hands, leaving out the two long fore-fingers, which he laid firmly on the edge of the board—counted over the five or six possible moves of his opponent, and then—evidently knew something more would follow—but what? You could almost see him think;

but what? You could almost see him think; at length, with a peculiar flourish of his arm, he seizes a pawn, and moves. With scarcely a moment's hesitation, with his eyes for an instant bent on the board, Morphy raises his arm as if to strike, and throws a piece right in the way of his antagonist. Another long, long pause, the hands again clasped: "why, take the piece, man," is on everybody's unopened lips; yet Paulsen pauses, again clasps his hands, and for nearly half an hour porce over the board; he does not take the proffered piece, but offers one of equal value; then something akin to electri-

ice, who sent their chairman, the ver-with a letter, acknowledging the full tials, and even passing as encoming respectfully requesting him to with for the present, lest it might interfere

No. 665.

hree or four moves off!

pleted a move, he threw the whole board away

all in relation to what Paulsen would move,

but in regard to the possible moves and com-

pinations, embracing from twelve to twenty

This whirl of permutation, with accurate re-

sults in each of thousands of combinations, evi-dently passes through Mcrphy's mind in like

manner as in Zerah Colburn and other arith-

metical prodigies; addition, subtraction, multi-

plication, and the square root, are performed with the rapidity and accuracy of Mr. Babbage's

hound. This would seem to indicate that his

wearied over the chess board. Per contra,

among these friends, P. H. R., the engraver, is

the only one who plays an even, unflagging game throughout; indeed, as many have found

to their chagrin, plays the better end game, the

worse his chances appear to be. His perceptive faculties are trained by his employment, and

rather improve than weary by continuity of ex-

ercise.

Another amateur, W. C. I., is a most inter

esting study at the chess-board. He has fine per-

ceptive faculties, is a splendid boxer, of quick

peautiful combinations we ever saw on the

move for one apparently more brilliant, but

other day, which, in twenty four hours, kicked

three wagons to pieces, and threw him out each

time; of course, instead of getting rid of her,

splendid feat."

From the nature of the faculties which

cular work as well as brain work.

the game is done.

calls into play, we regard chess as a physical as well as intellectual exercise, requiring mus-

liards, chess, rise from the physico-intellectual

to the intellectuo-physical; and chess, billiards

cricket, reverse the order. Lookers-on at crick-

et feel the blood rush, the muscles clench, and

"hurra" escaping from the lips. Lookers-on

at billiards tell me that to see Phelan play

affords the highest possible physical enjoy-

twitching, their fingers clasping and moving imaginary men, and their heads aching when

is attained before the age of full intellectual

Harrwitz, Stanley, all won their laurels in their

early days. The best chess-players on record,

in like manner, had attained their eminence while under thirty years of age; while the hu-

man intellect is not at its full development un-til between the thirty-fifth and forty-fifth year of the individual. And if chess-playing max-

imum occurs before the intellectual maximum.

had passed his maximum chess-playing age some twenty years ago, and could not be ex-pected, an old man, to acquit himself as if he had been a young one. "I will take to my work, let the young gentleman take to his

So that for any one less gifted in

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city flashed through and out of Morphy, the play," was really a truthful and adequate reacalm white forehead "pleated up," his arm raised, he swiftly moves; and, as if caught with the same impulse, Paulsen moves instantly; then, for a few seconds, there is a click, click, click—a move each second—percussion-caps, rifles, cannons, grape, cannister, the clash of swords—and then all is still. Flushed with the struggle, Paulsen looks up to see why the other sits calm and cold as an icicle; Paulsen glances

again at the board, and sees mate for himself chess, to throw away his crown wittingly, before an unknown cavalier, however preux! Surely, thought we, chess is a question of In relation to the higher faculties which it magnetism; given, a fair parity in skill be-tween two players, and the more powerfully magnetic will sway and conquer the will of the less magnetic, and force him into moves according to his will. We had tried this often, directly, with the susceptible engraver, P. H. R. it is no higher than permutation. All possible and once, in a reflex manner, with J. S., of Providence. In this latter instance, he being the less practiced player, but of impressible nerves, by fixing our attention on the board at the same moment with him, and marking out mathematics, as a means of mental develop the best move against us, he invariably made ment-that they lead to only positive results that move, and won; per contra, while, in another game, we made moves, and then looked away; ignored the board until he had moved; lower branches of mathematics only.

A great deal has been said about invention

speedily against him.

How, then, did Paulsen, with his superior magnetism, and not very inferior skill, fail to affect Morphy? The moment that Morphy completed when the correct one, then there is no invention in his play. All the possible combins from his attention—brushed away magnetism, so to speak—often went off to the other end of mind as clearly as K. p. to K. 4 to an ordinary the room, and had to be summoned thence to player; and from what he sees, he selects the reply to Paulsen's move.\* And it was very exident that the study of the former was not at exercised by a natural arithmetician, in anexercised by a natural arithmetician, in an-nouncing, in a minute, a difficult result in interest for days-no more. Besides, this gentle man-the very best of known living chess-playmoves, and their twelve times twelve, and twenty times twenty of possible inter-combinamoderate degree of invention which can be predicated of chess. We have the Evans Gambit, the Scotch Gambit, the Muzio Gambit, &c., &c., but we have not yet the Morphy Gambit nor is there in print more than one very commonplace problem by our modern chess king. But the problems! Do not they require in vention! If they do, it is invention of no higher character, and requiring no greater powers, than to construct certain figures with a Chinese puz

this peculiar power than Morphy to attempt to | zle; and a first-rate problem-composer is sel dom, if ever, a first-class player.

These views of the status of chess-playing receive confirmation from the fact that first-class play with him, is like one man at the brake of a fire-engine, striving to play the same against another worked by steam; or, more accurately, for an ordinary adept to endeavor to count inhess-players have seldom, if ever, distinguished This leads us to inquire, what is chess? Is it a purely intellectual exercise, affording scope and improvement and test of the mental faculties? or is it a physico-intellectual exercise. terest with Zerah Colburn, or the negro prodigy selves in the higher departments of thought ties? or is it a physico-intellectual exercise, engaging muscular as well as brain work? What faculties does it call into exercise? The eye and fingers, the muscles of the arm, and the muscles of the orbit, the peculiar power of see-ing the mea in their places, and of seeing men that are in their places as if they were not there, keen observation are abundantly manifest in but elsewhere, and others, or blanks, where his work, there is lacking the bold grass they actually are—a sort of physical reticence and deep insight which we find in Hume and simagination acting at one and the same Mr. Buckle lets us into the secret of his short-Napoleon planned his battles on large maps, with pin-heads indicating the whereabouts of "Whoever will take the pains fairly to estimate each corps, division, and even brigade. He the present condition of mental philosophy must player must go through this preliminary fight without touching map or pin; he must-most difficult reticence-keep hands off until he has been so zealously prosecuted, so long con makes a complete survey of the men and the tinued, and yet remains so barren of results. field; and when he once touches a man, it must be moved beyond recall. This requires a stretch of attention very exhausting, nay, almost impossible to some minds; it is the faculty which phrenologists term "continuity," which is the auguste Compte, and fifteen years of purely result for the move dependent of results! Shades of Locke, Malebranche, Berkeley, Dugald Stewart, Reid, Brown, Cousin, and Sir William Hamilton! Of course, Mr. Buckle is an ardent admirer of Auguste Compte, and fifteen years of purely phrenologists term "continuity," which is the result, for the most part, of training, sometimes play depends on the lack of this faculty. 'U.

T. D., for example, makes the most vigorous attacks of any of them, but, after the twelfth or existently more his attacks of any of them, but, after the twelfth or

attacks of any of them, but, after the twelfth or sixteenth move, his attention is exhausted, and some careless move makes him an easy prey to a less Agorous opponent. In his case, this failure in attention, or continuity, is confined to his chees play; in business, or in public movements, in which he is deeply interested, he is constant, persistent, and steadfast as a sleuth hound. This would seem to indicate that his perceptive faculties are deficient, or are easily in nine-tenths of our young men of the city and all their faculties were clear and in ful honest exercise. And so must the devotees of hess keep themselves, or they will inevitably

THE MIDDLE HOME CELESTIAL.

Few persons who can reflect on the highly interesting and elevating subject of the proba-ble uses in the creation of the vast myriads of heavenly bodies which we see, during our hours strong, combative temperament, and of full physical imagination. He makes the most f darkness, sparkling in the distant firmamen bove, and which we know, by the calculations and discoveries of astronomers, to be spread chess-board; they seem as brilliant as fireworks; but he loses almost every game, not from breaking down of his continuity or attennarrow-minded, irrational idea, that all those visible and invisible globes are mere matter tion, so much as from an incurably mercurial floating in space, unemployed and uninhabited, while our little planet alone has been selected less safe. This gentleman bought a mare the

vain-glory, and presumption. For, though we are told in the Scriptures that man is made no warrant to pronounce that "these vast lumi-naries were called into existence for no other purpose than to throw a tide of useless splendo

ver the solitudes of immensity."\*
Such is not, and has not been, the opinion of the greatest, the wisest, and the best. Many Christian philosophers and astronomers, as well as learned divines, bave declared their belief in the theory of the sun, moon, and stars, being each and all inhabited worlds, or in preparation to receive inhabitants. "Faith," says one of these philosophers, whose grasp of mind may well claim influence, even for his specula-tions on this lofty theme -- "faith associates Another reason why we regard chess less as with these bright abodes the future fortunes of an intellectual than a physical exercise consists in the fact, that the highest eminence in chess immortal and regenerated man. It places there the loved and the lost; it follows them into celestial bowers;"† and genius brings the charm of poetry to shed a hale of beauty around development. In our American Chess Cougress, the champions of the champions were very young men—Morphy twenty, and Paulsen portray:

There is a place where spirits come,

Heneath the shrine to live,
A mystic place, a middle home,
Which God to them doth give.
What mortal fancy can disclose
The secret of their weird repose?
It is a quictness more deep
Than dendest swoon, or deepest sleep,
A slumber full of glorious dreams,
Of a agic sounds, and croken gleams
Ouiside the walls of Heaven."

Science, in its loftiest stretch, cannot traverse the "trackless vacancy" which lies howe

rse the "trackless vacancy" which lies beyond our earth, intervening between it and the dis-tant orbs which illumine the vast vault of heaven; yet fancy, when uncontrolled by sober rea-son, will sometimes dare to wing its flight to them. Who knows, when its material frame is sunk in that which we call sleep, whether the spirit wanders or not, and how, and where the Enchanting music has been heard, and beautiful objects have been seen, in dreams; and it is a vision of strange scenes obtained during a trance, consequent on extreme illness and de

A lady, still youthful, though not a mere girl, who was fond of star-gazing, without having the least pretensions to astronomical knowledge, least pretensions to astronomical knowledge, and who was enabled to indulge her taste, as seized with a dangerous illness. The fever and headache baffled all the usual remedies; mus moved—and wins.

† Probably that sense of pleasure from muscular move to in vain, and the poor young woman lay ap-